Condemnes you to the death: see them d. over
To execution, and the hand of death.
Buſh. More welcome is the ſtroke of death to me,
Then *Bullingbrooke* to England.
Gree. My comfort is, that Heaven will take our ſoules,
And plague iniuſtice with the paines of hell.
Bul. My Lord *Northumberland*, ſee them diſpatch'd:
Vncle, you ſay the Queene is at your Houſe,
For Heavens ſake, fairely let her be intreated,
Tell her, I ſend to her my kind commends;
Take ſpeciall care my greetings be deliver'd,
Yor. A Gentleman of mine, I have diſpatch'd
VVith Letters of your loue to her at large.
Bul. Thankes gentle Vncle: come Lords away,
To fight with *Gendoure*, and his Complices;
A whiſe to worke, and after holliday. *Exunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Drums, Flouriſh, and Colours.

Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlile, and Souldiers.

Rich. Barkloughly Caſtle call you this at hand?
Au. Yea, my Lord: how brooks your Grace the ayre,
After your late toſſing on the breaking Seas?
Rich. Needs muſt I like it well, I weepe for ioy
To ſtand upon my Kingdome once againe.
Deare Earth, I doe ſalute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horſes hoofes:
As a long parted Mother with her Child,
Playes fondly with her teares, and ſmiles in meeting,
So weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee the Earth,
And doe thee favour with my Royall hands,
Feed not thy Soveraignes Foe, my gentle Earth,
Nor with thy ſweetes comfort his ravenous ſence:
But

But let thy Spiders that ſucke up thy venome,
And heavy-gated Toade lye in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feete,
Which with uſurping ſteps doe trample thee.
Yeild ſtinging Nettles to mine Enemies;
And when they from thy boſome plucke a Flower,
Guard it I prethee with a lurking adder,
Whoſe double tongue may with a mortall touch
Throw death upon thy Soveraignes Enemies.
Mocke not my ſenceleſſe Conjuration: Lords;
This earth ſhall have a feeling, and theſe Stones
Prove armed Souldiers, ere her native King
Shall falter under fowle Rebellious Armes.
Car. Feare not my Lord, that power that made you King
Hath power to keepe you King, in ſpight of all.
Aum. He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remiſſe,
Whileſt *Bullingbrooke* through their ſecurity,
Growes ſtrong and great, in ſubſtance and in friends.
Rich. Diſcomfortable Coſin, knoweſt thou not,
That when the ſearching Eye of Heaven is hid
Behinde the Globe, that lights the lower world,
Then theeves and Robbers raunge abroad unſeene,
In Murders and in out-rage bloody here:
But when from under this Terreſtriall Ball
He fires the proud tops of the Eaſterne Pines,
And darts his Lightning through ev'ry guilty hole,
Then Murders, Treaſons, and deteſted ſinnes
(The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backes)
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themſelves.
So when this Thiefe, this Traytor *Bullingbrooke*,
Who all this while hath reuell'd in the Night,
Shall ſee us riſing in our Throne, the Eaſt,
His Treaſons will ſit bluſhing in his face,
Not able to endure the ſight of day;
But ſelfe-affrighted, tremble at his ſinne.
Not all the water in the rough rude Sea
Can waſh the Balme from an anoynted King;
The breath of worldly men cannot depoſe